



**Kimberley Suchomel** added 5 new photos.  
October 4 at 9:12pm ·

I have been receiving phone calls, messages & texts galore since Sunday night, and I have been providing the same copy & pasted message to each of those who have contacted me. A really quick, vague, account of what happened at the Route 91 Festival in Las Vegas. It has been nearly 72 hours since the nightmare took place, and I am finally able to sit here & put into words my own personal account. I have attached some photos of the fun we did have.

I would first like to give a huge giant thank you to both Casie Barnard & Ricky Ardito, without them I can guarantee you I wouldn't have gotten out like I did- I would have dropped to the floor, stunned, and I would not have been able to get up. I owe them both my life.

Sunday morning we woke up sore & hungover from the nights before. Friday & Saturday nights were a blast- we drank too much, and fought the crowd to get as close to the stage as possible. We acted like we were in our early 20s and hitting Vegas for the first time; however, when we woke up Sunday we all were in complete agreeance that we would not be doing that again. We decided, instead, to bring in a king sized sheet & sit on the astro-turf in the way, way back & just peacefully watch the concert from our spacious sheet. We also decided to drink the morning and afternoon of, but not the evening, as Ricky, Cassie & Mendy had an early day ahead of them, having to leave at 4am to get Ricky to work Monday morning. When we had full bellies & got our retail fix in-shopping the vendors, we headed to the main stage where we immediately sought out that back sitting area. Unfortunately, we procrastinated getting to our seats for too long, and every spot was taken. We ultimately ended up on the next fake-grass area much closer to the stage- but we still had a decent amount of space & great viewing area, so we spread out our sheet and claimed it our territory. We remember exactly where we were, because most of us (excluding myself) left to go to the bathroom & get water during the concert, so we used landmarks to be able to find each other again. I remember distinctly that one of the bars was to my left and I had to look behind me to see it- thinking maybe I should get one more beer, but I already had a full bladder & I have an irrational fear of porta-potties, so I decided against it.

We are all hanging out on this sheet, dancing our booties off, enjoying ourselves so much that we took off our boots to get even more comfortable. Casie & I were on opposite sides of our little 5-person group. I was on the far right side, and I had so much room to dance that this guy who walked by, who we called "camo man", actually said to me "taking up a lot of real estate there, eh?" jokingly. After about 20 minutes of Jason Aldean's set, I got this overwhelming feeling to go stand over by Casie. I can't tell you why, but I did. The entire time I was dancing next to her I kept thinking to myself, "why? Why don't I go back to my spacious area?? There is no room to dance over here.. I am not having a good time over here... okay, on the next song I will". But, there wasn't a next song.

From about 50 feet in front of us, and a little to the right, fire crackers were set off. Let me repeat that... FIRE CRACKERS WERE SET OFF. I verbally stated "some asshole just shot of fire crackers in close proximity to so many people". I was literally pissed off. You could see Jason Aldean look to his left kind of startled by it, but he was also clearly irritated. I would say about 15 seconds later, the first volley of gunfire was released. It was a shorter volley than any of the others, and the gunfire was not as close together either. EVERYONE looked up, down, around. We thought it was more fire crackers at first, but then Ricky reached over, told us all to put our boots on, quickly. And the volley ended. Then people started to panic. The gentlemen behind me looked at me as I was putting on my boots, half laying down, and said "calm down crazy, its just fireworks, jeez". That is when the 2nd volley went off, Ricky yelled at us all to get down, flat, & we immediately knew there was someone shooting at us. I remember getting down, but I didn't lay flat for some reason, thinking- oh my gosh, I need to get flatter than I am now, but

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2 captures

13 Oct 2017 – 14 Oct 2017

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SEP OCT NOV

14

2016 2017 2018

About this capture

...on information was pure terror,  
begin running.... But then the  
ose to us. I could physically  
, I could feel the warmth & the  
ver, Casie linked her arm into  
ren't stopping- we were getting  
were in literal Hell. The  
fireworks fell to the ground,  
ie (who was now in front of me)  
ot back up. I actually had to  
ng I am still struggling with, so  
ght-or-fight mode). There was  
oving. We ran. I don't know  
hich landmark we ran. We just  
Casie & I were together. Ricky,

;- and I looked to the right and I  
gs spread, holding a blood-  
D to hide", but as I looked  
again got closer and closer.  
in THEY) were chasing us.  
panic. That is the exact  
going to die, I was never going  
g, we approach this fence  
ran up to it as they had  
As we crossed the threshold of  
ss shootings and hearing the  
ey never got to say goodbye. I  
work) & my grandma (who  
called my husband frantically  
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ut alive. Next, while still  
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ion, because it felt like no  
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ace I remember getting to was  
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and started her way back to  
OSER than ever before. It was  
Everyone around us was  
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s. If you know me, you know I  
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ran towards the entrance  
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; we ended up at the airport &  
as we entered were  
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id, we decided it, too, wasn't a  
continued running.  
aving to stop to cough, gag and  
us & another group of people  
us out of there. He was clearly

2 captures

13 Oct 2017 - 14 Oct 2017

Go

SEP

OCT

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2016

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2018

About this capture

passed UNLV as well. We passed UNLV as well. we were or at what time of the ong what I am guessing was an drives by, slows a little, and out the window, and she yells / taunting manner. It really w who we could and could not

joint, Ricky was reminded by He called him, and we made a miles away to get picked up. his car, drove us to our hotel (this literally took us all of 10 eeway to get us home. A , generosity & kindness. cided to be chill that night? t we were in the two previous h as we had been Saturday o escape? What if I hadn't had have been separated? There

e I arrived back home to my ory that are feeding everyone here is something wrong with ake if you ask me. There are owards the beginning of the ge warning people that we re escorted off the premises. ies? Every single survivor I ters, and at least one from the usly? Tons of things don't add

ned, and I will edit this post to

urviving a horrific incident. , and there is absolutely ZERO et. I left the Route 91 Festival re scrapes and super sore erent story. I do okay during the scared & anxious. I am even und a racing heart. I don't want r. I can no longer be in any heme parks, zoos, etc. I can no er close my eyes without unfire. I am ruined, as are

lay event. I can't seem to take

to Earth country concert scarred, traumatized and



